

Production No. EABF10

The Simpsons

"C.E. D'OH."

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TABLE DRAFT

Date 6/20/2002

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY"C.E. D'OH"

## Cast List

HOMER ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
 MARGE ..... JULIE KAVNER  
 BART ..... NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
 LISA ..... YEARDLEY SMITH  
 ITCHY ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
 MOUSE AMBULANCE DRIVER . DAN CASTELLANETA  
 SCRATCHY ..... HARRY SHEARER  
 DEEP VOICE (O.S.) ..... HANK AZARIA  
 JAILBIRD ..... HANK AZARIA  
 CLETUS ..... HANK AZARIA  
 APU ..... HANK AZARIA  
 DR. HIBBERT ..... HARRY SHEARER  
 CLASS ..... DAN/HARRY/HANK  
 STARK RICHDALE ..... HANK AZARIA  
 LENNY ..... HARRY SHEARER  
 CARL ..... HANK AZARIA  
 MR. BURNS ..... HARRY SHEARER  
 MOE ..... HANK AZARIA  
 SMITHERS ..... HARRY SHEARER  
 NED FLANDERS ..... HARRY SHEARER  
 WORKERS ..... DAN/HARRY/HANK/TRESS

POWER COMMISSIONER #1 .. DAN CASTELLANETA

POWER COMMISSIONER #2 .. HANK AZARIA

VENDOR ..... HANK AZARIA

MILHOUSE ..... PAMELA HAYDEN

NELSON ..... NANCY CARTWRIGHT

C.E. D'OH

by

Dana Gould

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - NIGHT

BART and LISA watch TV.

ON TV

MUSIC: "ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK" BY BILL HALEY & THE COMETS

A title card reads "ITCHY AND SCRATCHY IN 'THE LORDS OF SPLATBUSH'". Outside a 50's diner, motorcycle cop SCRATCHY gives an order to a WAITRESS. Greaser ITCHY sneaks up and connects a chain between Scratchy's tail and a lamppost. A beat later, Itchy **ROARS** around the corner in a Tin Lizzy.

ITCHY

Nuts to you, Copper!

Enraged, Scratchy bikes after Itchy. The chain plays out, then jerks, **RIPPING OFF** Scratchy's fur and skin. Scratchy rolls down the blacktop, coming to a stop in an **AGONIZED SCREAMING** heap. An ambulance **ZOOMS UP** and drives him to an airfield, where they load him into a plane.

MOUSE AMBULANCE DRIVER

We'll fly you straight to the hospital.

SCRATCHY

(RELIEVED SIGH)

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

(À LA "CHANTILLY LACE") Helloooo

Scratchy!

Scratchy looks and sees...

SCRATCHY

The Big Bopper... Ritchie Valens...

Buddy Holly! Nooo!

(Valens and Holly hold guitars.) All three bare their fangs at Scratchy. The plane takes off and **FLIES** wobbily into a snowstorm.

SCRATCHY (CONT'D)

(TERRIFIED SCREAM)

**BACK TO SCENE**

Bart and Lisa **LAUGH**. Homer enters carrying snacks.

HOMER

So kids, all squared away? You got lots of cartoons, plenty of snacks... Yep, you kids are gonna have a great Valentine's Day.

LISA

Dad, why are you trying to keep us downstairs?

HOMER

Because it's a Valentine's tradition! The kids stay downstairs with the TV up so loud they can't hear Mommy and Daddy in the bedroom... making their Oscar picks.

BART

What does that mean?

HOMER

Uhh...

He pulls out a handful of pocket change and throws it into the air.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hey look! Money!

Homer runs up the stairs.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - LATER**

Marge is soaking in the bathtub. Homer (in robe) pours her champagne, which she sips. (The bathroom is romantically decorated.)

MARGE

This is so romantic.

HOMER

Oh my darling, nothing is too romantic  
for you. Have some more liquor.

He pours some more champagne into her glass.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SNEAKY CHUCKLE)

**INT. SIMPSON MASTER BEDROOM - A MOMENT LATER**

Homer sprinkles a trail of rose petals from the bathroom to the bed.

HOMER

(RE: MIRROR) Thanks for the love tip,  
"GOOD HOUSEKEEPING."

Homer picks up an exterminator-style sprayer of "MUSK" and pumps several large squirts into the air.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SNIFFING, INTRIGUED) Mm, funky!

Homer plops himself down on the bed in a sexy pose. A moment later, a sleepy Marge enters.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SEDUCTIVE) Hey there, Little Red  
Riding Hood. What do you have in your  
basket?

MARGE

(TRYING TO STAY AWAKE) Oh, Homie. I'm  
sorry...

HOMER

Marge, I'm working a theme here. To  
continue: I'll huff and I'll puff and  
I'll blow your clothes off!

Marge sits on the bed next to him.

MARGE

(GROGGY) Look, you know I usually  
bring my A-game to the bedroom... but  
tonight I just can't throw the heat.

HOMER

(DISAPPOINTED) But it's St.  
Valentine's Day! God wants us to do  
it.

Marge kisses him on the cheek.

MARGE

Oh, you're so cute when you're begging  
for sex, but I'm just too tired...

Marge passes out, **SNORING**. Homer lies awake, staring up in  
the darkness.

**EXT. STREETS OF SPRINGFIELD - LATE NIGHT**

Homer walks the empty streets in the moonlight.

HOMER

Shot down on Valentine's Day. That's  
supposed to be a gimme. Everyone's  
getting some but me.

Homer sees a series of romantic images.

- A) Two cats are atop a fence. (One of them is Snowball II.)  
As they nuzzle, their tails rise above them and form a  
heart.
- B) Two clouds float by in the shape of a man and a woman  
entwined.
- C) A plane flies through the air, followed by a smaller  
plane. A mid-air refueling pump extends from the larger  
plane, connecting them.
- D) Through a prison window, two PRISONERS are cuddling  
sweetly.

HOMER

(SAD SIGH) Everyone but me.

**INT. PRISON - CONTINUOUS**

Inside the prison we see what Homer saw is actually  
JAILBIRD strangling his CELLMATE.

JAILBIRD

(BITTERLY) Thanks for not waking me  
for the Bookmobile.

**EXT. STREETS OF SPRINGFIELD - NIGHT**

Homer is walking sadly down the street. In the distance,  
he sees a neon sign that reads "GET SEXY!"

HOMER

(INTRIGUED NOISE)



Homer runs up to the sign, under which is another sign that reads "AT SPRINGFIELD UNIVERSITY".

HOMER (CONT'D)

(DISAPPOINTED NOISE)

He looks further down to another sign which reads "EXTENSION SCHOOL".

HOMER (CONT'D)

(INTRIGUED NOISE)

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD UNIVERSITY - THE NEXT EVENING**

**MUSIC: "POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE"**

A sign reads "EXTENSION SCHOOL". A sign below it reads "ORIENTATION 7:30. GRADUATION 9:30".

**INT. STRIPPING CLASS - CONTINUOUS**

On the blackboard is written "STRIP FOR YOUR WIFE." Homer enters and takes a seat.

CLETUS

I's got to win back Brandine -- she  
been makin' eyes at that photographer  
what come to document our squalor.

APU

I too must spice up my marriage.  
Manjula has grown tired of the basic  
sixty-five positions.

HOMER

(BLUFF) Yeah, I hear that.

DR. HIBBERT enters the classroom.

DR. HIBBERT

Welcome to "How to Strip for Your  
Wife".

HOMER

(SHOCKED) Dr. Hibbert?

DR. HIBBERT

(CHUCKLES) Oh yes. I put myself  
through medical school dancing under  
the name "Malcolm Sex."

Dr. Hibbert points to a picture of himself as a young man  
with horn-rimmed glasses, a skinny black tie, short hair  
and briefs, sternly hectoring the strip club audience (à la  
the cover of "The Autobiography of Malcolm X").

CLASS

(IMPRESSED NOISE)

DR. HIBBERT

I pleased the ladies by any means  
necessary. Now, the essence of  
stripping is anticipation, the  
tantalizing delay--

HOMER (O.S.)

(YELLING OUT) Hey, Malcolm! Check out  
this middle!

We see Homer from the waist up, naked and glistening with  
oil. He undulates his belly.

DR. HIBBERT

Homer, are you oiled?

HOMER

(PROUDLY) Three coats.

DR. HIBBERT

(SHAKING HEAD) You need at least a year of dry work under your belt before you're ready for oiling. You go blot that off!

HOMER

Aren't you gonna chuckle?

DR. HIBBERT

(GRIMLY) There's nothing to chuckle about.

**INT. HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER**

Oily Homer, wearing only his underpants, carrying his clothes, walks morosely down the hallway.

HOMER

Nobody loves oily Homer...

He **KICKS** the ground angrily, but his foot goes out from under him and his oily body slides through the open door of a classroom.

**INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A slick, no-nonsense man (resembling Alec Baldwin in "Glengarry Glen Ross") STARK RICHDALE, is teaching a group of Springfielders. On the blackboard is written "SUCCESSMANSHIP 101".

STARK RICHDALE

You there, the greasy, naked bald man!

HOMER

(GASPS) You know everything about me!

STARK RICHDALE

What would you say if I offered you the secret of true success?

HOMER

I'd say "go to Hell." But seeing as  
how I can't get up without help, bring  
it on.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Homer now sits at a desk. (He is dressed.)

STARK RICHDALE

Life is hard. Am I right?

CLASS

(MURMURS OF AGREEMENT)

STARK RICHDALE

Wrong! Life is easy -- you suck! You  
have to take life, grab it by its  
little bunny ears and get in its face!  
(LOOKING AROUND CLASS) Look at you  
losers! I can read your minds.

He points to BARNEY.

STARK RICHDALE (CONT'D)

I'm afraid of success.

He points to COMIC BOOK GUY.

STARK RICHDALE (CONT'D)

It's pizza's fault I'm fat.

He points to OTTO.

STARK RICHDALE (CONT'D)

Long hair means I don't have to try.

He points to MOLEMAN.

STARK RICHDALE (CONT'D)

I'll stop sucking -- later.

He hoists Moleman over his head and throws him out the window. Stark shoves his gold Rolex in Homer's face.

STARK RICHDALE (CONT'D)

See this watch? It's made of three  
Rolexes. What kind of watch do you  
have?

Homer looks at his wrist, where a watch has been crudely  
drawn on in magic marker.

HOMER

Well, I drew it on... but it does have  
the phases of the moon.

STARK RICHDALE

See that car out there?

He gestures to a luxury car out the window.

STARK RICHDALE (CONT'D)

It's a Bentley Mark 12. They gave one  
to me, one to Steven Spielberg, then  
they shot the guy who made it.

CLASS

(IMPRESSED MURMURS)

HOMER

(SADLY) I have that car from the news  
that tips over a lot.

STARK RICHDALÉ

Friends, there's a force that runs  
through the universe. It built the  
pyramids, wrote Shakespeare and is  
whitening my teeth as I speak. We used  
to call that force God. Now we call it  
"Megatronics: The Forty-eight Tips To  
Corporate Success."

Stark quickly hands out "Megatronics" books to the class.

HOMER

(IMPRESSED) Now. I always knew there  
were forty-eight things missing from my  
life. Maybe these are them.

STARK RICHDALÉ

Do you want to be the ultimate you?

HOMER

Yes!

STARK RICHDALÉ

Do you want to be a success in the  
corporate world?

HOMER

(STANDING) Yes!

STARK RICHDALÉ

Will you write me a check made out to  
"cash?"

HOMER

God yes!

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD - STREET - LATER**

Homer is driving and reading "Megatronics" as he drives.

HOMER

Tip one, "Live each day like it was  
your last."

**EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - A LITTLE LATER**

Homer sits on a curb, **SOBBING**.

HOMER

I don't wanna die! I'm so young.

(SOBS)

Homer looks into the "Megatronics" book.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(READING, CALMLY) Tip two, "Let  
nothing stand in your way."

Homer looks inspired.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LATER**

Homer **BURSTS** in, brandishing the "Megatronics" book.

HOMER

Listen up, "life obstacles." From now  
on, nothing is going to stand in Homer  
Simpson's way!

He turns to Bart.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Do your homework!

He turns to Lisa.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Don't do so much homework!

He turns to Maggie.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Learn to talk!

He turns to Marge.

HOMER (CONT'D)

You, let's love. Now!

Marge shrugs and stands.

MARGE

Sounds good to me.

Homer scoops her into his arms and they run upstairs. They get halfway up and then he sets her down, WINDED.

HOMER

Go on ahead. I'll just slow you down.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Marge is asleep in bed. She hears a DRILLING NOISE and wakes up.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marge walks downstairs to see Homer DRILLING something.

MARGE

What's that ruckus?

HOMER

It's the sound of a go-getter at work,  
Marge. Look, I drilled you a key hook  
so you'll always know where your keys  
are.

He reveals a key hook next to the front door.

MARGE

Oh, that's so sweet. I asked you to do  
that eleven years ago.

HOMER

(SWEETLY) Marge, you can't put a time  
limit on a dream.

Homer holds up a brown, tattered list. The first item is  
"INSTALL KEY HOOK". He writes a check next to it. The  
second item is "PUT OUT SNAIL TRAPS".

EXT. SIMPSON GARDEN - DAY

It is all SNAILS. All the plants are dead.

**INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - HOMER'S WORKSTATION - DAY**

Homer enters carrying a bag.

HOMER

Megatronics Tip twenty: "Make your  
cubicle into a you-bicle."

He takes down a "SWEDISH BIKINI TEAM" poster, replacing it  
with a poster for the "SWEDISH EFFICIENCY TEAM."

HOMER (CONT'D)

What next, Megatronics? (READS BOOK)

"Nobody's perfect: report your fellow  
workers' mistakes to the boss."

**MONTAGE**

Homer walks around the plant, witnessing the following  
events and writing on a clipboard:

A) An EMPLOYEE is asleep in a chair, his mouth wide open,  
**SNORING**. Above him, a leaky pipe drips radioactive waste  
directly into his mouth.

B) Lenny and Carl are having a light-saber duel with  
radioactive rods.

LENNY

I say "Phantom Menace" sucked more.

CARL

I say "Attack of the Clones" sucked  
more!

C) Homer sees a smudge on the side of a cooling tower. He  
starts to wipe it off, causing a colossal crack to spread  
over the entire tower.

D) A group of plant WORKERS emerge with coffee cups from a  
room marked "coffee room." A stream of workers head down a  
long hall towards a room marked "cream." The workers then  
emerge from the cream room, all the way back past the  
coffee room, to a room marked "stirrers."

HOMER

And now to see Mr. Burns for the  
promotion and raise I've deserved since  
this morning.

**INT. MR. BURNS' OFFICE - LATER**

Homer confidently strides into Mr. Burns' office, holding  
his clipboard.

HOMER

(CONFIDENT) Mr. Burns, I've completed  
a special report on plant efficiency.

MR. BURNS

Oh, have you now? Well huzzah, huzzah.  
I'll just throw back my legs and  
pollute my britches with delight!

HOMER

All I'm trying to do is achieve success  
beyond my wildest dreams.

MR. BURNS

No one told you to dream, bug. Go ruin  
someone else's picnic!

Mr. Burns pushes a button and a trap door opens next to  
Homer.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

(FRUSTRATED NOISE) Would you mind?

Mr. Burns points to the trap door hole.

HOMER

(SADLY) Yes, sir.

Homer steps into the hole. A moment later we hear a SPLASH, then electric ZAPS.

HOMER (O.S.)

(GETTING SHOCKED NOISES)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DINNER

Homer is having dinner with the family.

MARGE

I didn't know Mr. Burns had an electric eel pond.

HOMER

Well, he does. (ANGRY) All my life I had one dream: to achieve my many goals. Mr. Burns has never given me a thumbs up or a "way to be" or a "you go, girl." No, he just steps all over everyone who works for him, taking pleasure in making us feel small.

Marge gives Homer a hug.

MARGE

(CHEERING HIM UP) Oh, Homie. Don't let it get you down. So Mr. Burns doesn't take you seriously? Big whoop! Who gives a doodle? Whoopie ding dong doo!

HOMER

Thanks for trying, but I'll be at Moe's.

He walks out. Marge and the kids look at each other.

MARGE

So my husband goes to a bar every  
night. Whoop de doo. Who gives a  
bibble? Gabba gabba hey!

**INT. MOE'S - LATER**

Homer sits sadly next to several empty mugs.

HOMER

I gave Mr. Burns the best years of my  
life. And how much respect does he  
give me?

LENNY

Slim to bupkus.

CARL

He does do a good impression of you on  
the can.

MOE

Gee Homer, this Burns guy has been  
bossing you around since you started  
working for him. You gotta get  
yourself some payback.

HOMER

Revenge? On Mr. Burns?

LENNY

Yeah, send him magazine subscriptions  
he don't want.

CARL

Or write poorly reasoned letters to the editor and sign his name.

MOE

Or give him some face time with sweet lady brick.

Moe holds up a large brick.

HOMER

Someday Mr. Burns will get his, and I'll get mine. I just hope mine comes the same day as his. Moe, give me a tall glass of courage.

Moe hands Homer a beer.

MOE

Any whipped cream on that?

HOMER

A smidge.

**INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - CORRIDOR - THE NEXT DAY**

A determined Homer walks down the hall to Burns' office. He is about to open the door when he hears Burns and Smithers talking.

**INT. BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

SMITHERS

Bad news sir, the government found out you dumped nuclear waste under Lego Land.

MR. BURNS

Who cares? The law is a conspiracy of  
the good to hold back the great.

SMITHERS

But sir, you could go to jail. A good  
looking man like you, I hate to think  
what would happen.

MR. BURNS

I wouldn't go to jail. The legal owner  
of this plant would: Mr. C. M. Burns.

Smithers looks puzzled. Burns pulls back a curtain,  
revealing a CANARY in a cage.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

(DRAMATIC) Canary M. Burns.

SMITHERS

(SHOCKED GASP)

ANGLE ON HOMER

amazed.

BACK TO SCENE

Mr. Burns points to an organizational flow chart on the  
wall. In the top square is Canary M. Burns. Underneath is  
a C. Montgomery Burns box and below are the rest of the  
plant employees.

MR. BURNS

All the plant assets are in his name --  
so when the police wagons gallop up,  
looking for C. M. Burns, it's the bird  
who's going to jail. And if they try  
to get him to sing, I removed his vocal  
cords.

Burns holds up two bird vocal cords and **WHISTLES** happily.

SMITHERS

Sir, you're a genius.

MR. BURNS

Oh, all of us tycoons do it. Standard  
Oil was owned for years by a half-eaten  
breakfast.

**ANGLE ON HOMER**

He stands stroking his chin thoughtfully. Suddenly, a  
thought bubble containing Stark Richdale appears next to  
him.

STARK RICHDALÉ

Don't you get it? If you get rid of  
that bird, Burns is at your mercy.

HOMER

Get rid of a bird? No way. Their eyes  
are so expressive.

STARK RICHDALÉ

Fool! You've learned absolutely  
nothing from my one-hour class.



The thought bubble disappears. A look of determination comes into Homer's eyes.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marge and Homer lie in bed. Homer's eyes are open, staring at the ceiling. Marge opens her eyes.

MARGE

Homie, what's wrong?

HOMER

I wanna grab for the brass ring. But I'm afraid of what I'll turn into if I do.

MARGE

Well, in a situation like this, you have to be very quiet and listen for that little voice that tells you what to do.

(Homer and Marge listen, then:)

BART (O.S.)

Do it, Dad. You could get a less-crappy car.

MARGE

Bart, you can hear us?

BART (O.S.)

Oh yeah. From this room I can hear everything.

LISA (O.S.)

Yeah, the walls are paper-thin. You should get some soundproofing.

FLANDERS (O.S.)

And it wouldn't hurt you to put up some curtains.

MARGE

(WORRIED MURMUR)

**EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. POWER PLANT - OUTSIDE BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Homer and Bart, dressed in black outfits, stand at Burns' door. Homer tries to jimmy it open with a credit card.

BART

Dad, the door's open.

HOMER

Hey, I want this credit card to be good for something.

He opens the door.

**INT. BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

We see the canary sitting on a hook by the window.

HOMER

There it is, boy. When I set it free, this plant'll be mine for the taking.

Homer takes one step in. The room suddenly fills with criss-crossed laser beams (à la the film "Entrapment," except they are deadly). Homer removes his cap and tosses it into the beams to test them. The cap is **DISINTEGRATED**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

I'll have to nimbly wend my way through  
these electric dealies.

Homer starts carefully writhing through the beams without touching any. He winds up in the middle, stuck in an incredibly awkward position, one foot in the air, his head on the ground, etc.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Okay Bart, you take it from here.

BART (O.S.)

Way ahead of you.

**ANGLE ON BART**

who stands next to the open cage with the bird on his finger.

HOMER (CONT'D)

How'd you do that?

BART

You just gotta run fast.

Suddenly, the spikes on Bart's head fall off, leaving a flat top. He pulls out a comb and quickly re-spikes his hair.

BART (CONT'D)

Now fly -- To the Canary Islands!

He sets the bird free. It goes out the window, then a beat later, returns. It flies to a globe in Burns' office, **SPINS** the globe to check where the Canary Islands are, finds them, then flies back out.

**EXT. POWER PLANT - ESTABLISHING - NEXT DAY**

**INT. POWER PLANT - SMITHERS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Smithers works at his desk. Suddenly, he hears a voice on the intercom.

MR. BURNS (O.S.)

(HORRIFIED) Smithers! It's an  
emergency!

Smithers starts to pull on rubber gloves.

MR. BURNS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's not bath related!

Smithers **PULLS OFF** the rubber gloves and rushes to Burns.

**INT. BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

A horrified Burns stands by the empty birdcage.

MR. BURNS

The owner of the plant is gone. All  
that's left is this newspaper full of  
doo.

Suddenly, Homer **BURSTS** in.

HOMER

Mr. Burns! The Nuclear Regulatory  
Commission is here for a surprise  
inspection!

MR. BURNS

Good Lord! I need to find a patsy  
quick!

Homer starts singing to himself.

HOMER

(SINGS) I'LL DO ANYTHING / A RICH MAN  
SAYS / 'CAUSE RICH MEN ALWAYS KNOW /  
WHAT'S BEST FOR ME...

MR. BURNS

Young man, I have a proposition for  
you...

HOMER

I'm not done yet. (SINGS SOME MORE)  
JUST TELL ME WHAT TO DO / WHERE TO SIGN  
/ I'LL HELP YOU / 'CAUSE LOVE IS A  
BATTLEFIELD...

MR. BURNS

(TENTING FINGERS) Excellent.

**EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - COURTYARD - DAY**

Mr. Burns is addressing the employees from his balcony.

MR. BURNS

... Now, a few more details about this  
year's company picnic. It's at the  
plant, no food will be served, the only  
activity will be work, and the picnic  
is cancelled.

WORKERS

(DISGRUNTLED MOAN)

MR. BURNS

Finally, I would like to add to any  
nuclear inspectors in the crowd, that  
the titular head of the power plant is  
now Mr. Homer J. Simpson.

He gestures to Homer, who holds up a freshly-signed  
contract.

HOMER

That's right. And as my first act...

Mr. Burns, you're fired.

WORKERS

(SHOCKED NOISES)

MR. BURNS

That man's mad. Smithers, get this  
bedlamite an alienist!

Homer holds up the document.

HOMER

No, it's entirely within my power. And  
furthermore, there never were any  
nuclear inspectors. Every word in my  
song was a lie, except the part about  
love being a battlefield.

Burns realizes he has been beaten and he composes himself.

MR. BURNS

So, the caterpillar has emerged from  
its cocoon as a shark with a gun for a  
mouth. I only have one thing to say to  
that... bravo.

HOMER

(SURPRISED) Huh?

MR. BURNS

We clashed lances on the *Champs de Mars*, and I have been bested.

(RESIGNED) The plant is yours. Treat her well.

Burns reaches out to shake Homer's hand. Homer takes it then...

HOMER

Eat crowd, old man!

He grabs Burns and hurls him off the balcony.

MR. BURNS

(SHOCKED SCREAM)

The crowd catches Burns and they pass him hand over hand to the plant gate and into a waiting cab which drives off.

WORKERS

(CHANTING) Homer! Homer!

The cab backs into frame and Burns gets out.

MR. BURNS

(INDIGNANT) I had a Smithers.

After a beat, Smithers is tossed into Burns' arms by the crowd. They get into the cab and it drives off.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. POWER PLANT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A banner reading "UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT" hangs between the cooling towers.

INT. POWER PLANT - AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The auditorium is full of plant workers.

HOMER

Mr. Burns' reign of terror is over.

WORKERS

(CHEERS)

HOMER

And today begins my reign of terr--

WORKERS

(FRIGHTENED GASP)

HOMER

... iffic management!

WORKERS

(RELIEVED SIGH) That was close, etc.

LENNY

I thought he was gonna say "terror."

HOMER

Unlike Mr. Burns, I will respect you,  
the working class slob.

LENNY

Can we have casual Fridays? And naked  
Mondays?



HOMER

We'll try naked Mondays... and work our way up to casual Fridays.

CARL

How 'bout a spring cotillion -- a prom of some sort?

HOMER

Whatever you want, because we are all equals. And now, as I ascend this crystal staircase to my office, I say: avert your gaze!

Homer walks up a crystal staircase as the power plant workers **CHEER**.

**EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - DAY**

Homer is sitting at the desk reading reports. Lisa, wearing a green eye shade, looks at a ledger book.

LISA

Dad, have you looked at this earnings report?

HOMER

Lisa, I've been spending all morning trying to figure out how to turn on this light.

He points to a table lamp with an odd-looking knob. Lisa pushes the knob in, the light goes on.

LISA

This company's got more red ink than McDonald's ketchup. You need to find a way to cut costs.

HOMER

Well, I hate to do this, but let's see if we've got any employees we don't need.

She points to Mr. Burns' grid of video monitors. On one, two workers are playing tetherball. On another, two workers are logrolling on a drum of nuclear waste.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(POINTS TO SCREEN, DISGUSTED) Look at that. Two guys doing one man's logrolling.

Lenny and Carl enter.

LENNY

Hey Homer, we're not feeling it today. So we thought we'd cut out early.

CARL

If you wanna hang out later, we'll be at Hooters. If Hooters is full we'll go to Knockers. If Knockers is crowded, we'll try Jugs.

LENNY

Eh, let's just buy a couple magazines and go to Moe's.

HOMER

Sorry guys, but I need you to stay here  
and do your jobs.

LENNY

Man, one taste of power and now you're  
Pope Hitler the Great.

CARL

(SHAKES HEAD) I called it.

Lenny and Carl storm off angrily.

HOMER

Man, I never knew being the boss would  
be this tough. Bruce Springsteen  
always seems so happy.

EXT. MOROCCO - DAY

Burns, wearing a white linen suit and a fez, swats his way  
through a crowded Marrakesh street.

MR. BURNS

Well, now that I'm forcibly retired, I  
can indulge myself in the opiate of the  
upper classes. By which I mean opium.

SMITHERS

(WORRIED) If you say so, sir.

Smithers looks around the crowded bazaar. Everything  
exotic is for sale: olives, rugs, vases, jewelry, fruits,  
monkeys, etc. Smithers approaches a VENDOR.

SMITHERS

Um, excuse me, do you know where I can  
buy some... (WHISPERS) drugs?

VENDOR

(LOUDLY) Drugs? Everything is drugs!

Banana made of drugs.

He peels a banana. Inside is brown paste.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

Monkey made of drugs.

He holds up a monkey made of brown paste. (It is not alive.)

VENDOR (CONT'D)

All market made of drugs!

Smithers picks up a brick of drugs.

SMITHERS

How much for this?

VENDOR

Only American money. (CONFIDENTIALLY)

Our money's made of drugs.

**EXT. POWER PLANT - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Homer stands with a group of several workers (including Lenny and Carl).

HOMER

This is very difficult for me. I have  
to cut costs, but I want to be fair.

(HOLDS UP RUBBER BALL) Whoever fetches  
this ball can keep his job.

He hurls the ball. Everyone but Lenny and Carl runs after it.

LENNY

You can't be serious.

CARL

This is the most demeaning thing I've  
ever seen. And I'm a Knockers Club Key  
member.

HOMER

Less kvetching, more fetching.

CARL

I never thought I'd say this, Homer.  
But you're worse than Burns ever was.

Lenny and Carl run off after the pack.

HOMER

(CALLING AFTER THEM) Being the boss  
means you have to make the hard  
choices!

He holds up the ball to himself, revealing he never threw  
it.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Suckers.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

The family eats dinner -- we don't see Homer.

LISA

I got a gold star on my Martin Luther  
King biography.

HOMER (O.S.)

That's great, honey. Hold it up to the  
camera.

We see Homer's on a monitor. He sits in his office, sleeves rolled up, working. Lisa holds her paper up to the monitor.

MARGE

Homie, I know you're trying. But this really isn't the same as eating dinner with your family.

INT. HOMER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Homer looks at a monitor with the family inside.

HOMER

Marge, I'm working twenty hour days here. I have to share this dinner with you and the Nevada State Power Commission.

He gestures to another monitor with a bunch of grim-faced Power COMMISSIONERS.

POWER COMMISSIONER #1

Homer, who are you talking to?

POWER COMMISSIONER #2

You haven't heard one word we've said all night.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOMER

(ON MONITOR) Look, you guys are my family. And there's nothing more important to me than...

Suddenly, the picture freezes and pixilates.

LISA

Uh-oh, looks like we lost the uplink.

The picture unfreezes and Homer continues in mid-thought.

HOMER

(ON A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT TOPIC)

...best quality pork chops.

BART

Hey Dad, you said you were going to  
play catch with me tonight.

HOMER

Well, I have to work, but give the  
monitor a kiss.

BART

I don't wanna do that.

HOMER

C'mon, boy. You're not too old to kiss  
your daddy's monitor.

Bart reluctantly kisses the monitor. Suddenly the picture  
on the screen switches to a cartoon.

BART

Ew! I just kissed Sponge Bob, square  
in the pants!

Marge sadly shakes her head.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT**

All the lights are off. Homer's car pulls up and a tired  
Homer gets out.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marge lies asleep in bed. Homer wearily walks in and lies on the bed in his work clothes.

MARGE

(GROGGILY) Homie?

HOMER

Hey, honey. Sorry I'm so late. I had to lay off twenty-seven robots. Don't tell me they can't cry.

MARGE

That job is eating up your life. Even God takes a day off once in a while. That's how we got Alabama.

HOMER

Marge, I'm not working that hard.

(GASPS) Did I miss Christmas?!

**HOMER'S POV**

We see a beaten-up Christmas tree with presents labeled "HOMER" under it. One box labeled "OMAHA STEAKS" has flies **BUZZING** around it.

**BACK TO SCENE**

MARGE

Yeah, you did. But we had a good holiday. We took food around to people you laid off.

HOMER

Well, maybe we could have a nice little Christmas now, just you and me.



He walks over to the Christmas tree. Outside the window we see the nuclear plant. One of the cooling towers **EXPLODES** into a mushroom cloud.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oops, I think I left something on at  
the plant. I'll be right back.

He puts his coat back on and walks out the door.

**INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - DAY**

Homer is working at his desk. He hears some **CHEERING** and looks out the window.

**EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS**

Bart is at bat. Milhouse is pitching.

BART

Check it out! I'm Tomokaz Ohka of the  
Montreal Expos.

MILHOUSE

Oh, yeah? I'm Estaban Yan of the Tampa  
Bay Devil Rays.

NELSON

And I'm the man everyone hates at the  
ballpark.

MILHOUSE

The Umpire?

NELSON

No, Billy Crystal.

Milhouse pitches and Bart **HITS** the ball into the outfield.

**INT. BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Homer sadly watches Bart round the bases.

HOMER

(SAD SIGH)

MR. BURNS (O.S.)

(UPBEAT) Knock, knock.

Homer looks up and sees Mr. Burns at the door.

HOMER

(GASP) Mr. Burns!

MR. BURNS

I just came to see if you're still  
enjoying "SNIP."

Homer looks puzzled.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

You know, "SNIP." "Springfield Nuclear  
Power Plant..." Oh, forget it.

HOMER

Where's Mr. Smithers?

MR. BURNS

He's doing eighty years on an opium  
bust. I never saw a man take to a  
Turkish prison so quickly.

HOMER

How did you ever run this place?  
You've gotta turn away your family,  
fire your friends, and pee in your desk  
while you eat lunch. Well, the last  
one's kind of a hobby.

MR. BURNS

Balancing the personal and professional  
never came easy to me, Simpson. You  
just have to make space for people.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD - EVENING**

MR. BURNS

Yes, everyone important to me has their  
own special place right here.

We see Burns and Homer are standing in front of a row of  
graves. Burns gestures to a headstone.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

These were my best friends, Archie and  
Stan. I laid them off during the  
Depression and they never spoke to me  
again.

Burns walks to the next headstone.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

This was my fiancée, Gertrude. I  
missed our wedding because I was  
crushing a strike by my atom sorters.  
She died of loneliness. Loneliness and  
rabies.

Burns gestures to the row of graves.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

Do you see why I brought you here,  
Simpson?

HOMER

(EMOTIONAL) Yes, yes. If I keep  
putting work first, I'll lose everyone  
I care about, just like you did.

Homer wipes away a tear.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Thank you, Mr. Burns. Thank you for...  
huh?

We see Mr. Burns is holding a dart gun. Burns **FIRES** and a  
tranquilizer dart **HITS** Homer, who falls into a mausoleum.

MR. BURNS

Steal my plant will you? By the time  
you wake up, you'll be walled inside my  
mausoleum forever! (EVIL LAUGH)

Burns starts to brick the mausoleum closed.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. CEMETERY - THE NEXT MORNING**

Burns has only bricked across two rows of the mausoleum  
entrance. With great effort, he carefully puts a brick on  
the third row. Homer **AWAKENS**, sits up, and looks at Burns.

HOMER

What are you doing?

MR. BURNS

Scream all you like, no one will hear  
you!

Homer stands, stretches and casually steps over the six  
inch wall.

HOMER

I'm going home. You can have your  
stupid plant back.

MR. BURNS

(OBLIVIOUS) Keep begging. You're just  
wasting precious oxygen!

Homer walks away as Burns continues to brick up the  
mausoleum door.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

Brick by brick, I seal his doom.

(CRAZY LAUGHTER)

A beat later, Homer returns and kindly puts a blanket over  
Mr. Burns' shoulders.

**EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY**

A barbecue is in process. A banner reads "HOMER'S 8<sup>th</sup>  
ANNUAL 'SORRY I WAS A JERK' BBQ". Homer is at the grill,  
wearing a "Forgive The Cook" apron. Homer hands hotdogs to  
Lenny and Carl.

HOMER

I'm sorry I fired you guys.

LENNY

Hey, don't worry about it. We've all  
taken over the plant and fired  
everybody at some point.

CARL

Yeah, and a really nice family has my  
house now. So it worked out good for  
them.

Bart calls over from the baseball diamond.

BART

Hey Dad, pitch to me!

Homer walks over to the mound.

HOMER

From now on, my only ambition is to be  
the world's greatest Dad.

Homer throws the ball in (Milhouse catches). It brushes  
Bart back.

BART

You nearly hit me on the head!

HOMER

Quit crowding the plate!

Bart throws the bat and charges the mound. Homer makes a  
"come and get it" gesture. As they start fighting, we  
hear:

**MUSIC: THEME FROM 'THE COURTSHIP OF EDDIE'S FATHER'**

They stop rolling around for a second and Bart says:

BART

Y'see? This is the stuff Mom won't do  
with me.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(WARMLY) Yeah.

He starts to **STRANGLE** Bart, as we...

FADE OUT:

THE END